



ZEPHERIA.

CANZON i.



in a heavenly
Charm of pleasing
Passions ; Many their
well-thewed rhymes
do fair

attemper

Unto their Amours !

while another fashions Love to his
lines, and he on Fame doth
venture ! And

some again, in mercenary writ,

Belch forth Desire, making Reward their
mistress ! And though it chance some LAIS
patron it,

At least, they sell her praises to the
press ! The Muses' Nurse, I read, is
EUPHEMIE ;

And who but Honour makes his lines'
reward, Comes not, by my consent, within
my pedigree !

'Mongst true-born sons, inherit may no
bastard ! All in the humble accent of my
Muse ;

Whose wing may not aspire the pitch of
Fame, My griefs I here untomb ! Sweet !
them peruse !

Though low he fly, yet Honour is his game, All
while my pen quests on ZEPHERIA'S name :
Whom, when it sprung thy wing, did thee
relieve ; Now flown to mark, thus doth Desire
thee retrieve '